

As We Fall by gala_apples

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Summary:

In the midst of a government conspiracy and the possible end of the world, Nancy still finds time to fuck things up with her boyfriend and her best male friend, and just barely pull it all back together.

As We Fall

Author's Note:

written for the prompt taboo at seasonofkink.

It's the beginning of the school year and nothing has changed. Nothing that's wrong turns right. Mom still isn't strong enough to leave Dad, or even cheat on him to wake him up. Steve's mom is still eating Valium like candy. Eleven is still missing, and whether she's trapped in the upside down or dead like Barb it's still terrible.

And then, just like that, the Hollands are deciding to sell their house to pay a journalist to figure out which Russians murdered Barb for discovering their little girl Russian spy. It's fucking sickening. It's so bad Nancy gets smashed at a party and starts venting about how everything is bullshit. The only upside to the scene she causes is an offended Steve gets Jonathan to drive her home, and once she's sober and trying to rectify the damage, she's finally actually talking to Jonathan again. They're of the same mind that Barb deserves justice, a concept Steve is somehow lacking. Of the same mind, and with a *plan*. Jonathan is giving her something Steve won't, or can't, and Nancy adores him for it.

Everything boils over, the night that they spend with Murray Bauman. Nancy's been able to ignore all his stupid comments about them having unresolved sexual tension, because the amount of respect she has for any given grown man in her life is minimal, and their commentary doesn't mean much to her. What she can't ignore is the way Jonathan looks at her, when they meet in their pyjamas after the drunken lout has gone to bed. Nancy stands there listening as Jonathan calls Murray out for being wasted, and implying he's full of shit. She knows there's a degree of truth to what Murray's said -not the like but don't love Steve shit, Nancy won't give him that, but there is most certainly sexual chemistry between her and Jonathan-but if Jonathan needs him to be comprehensively wrong, Nancy won't take that from him.

Except no. Fuck that. The longer she sits on her knees on the guest bed, the more she realises she's fallen into the same fucking trap

again, that vilest of stake-spiked gaping maws. Comfort will not, cannot win over confrontation. Nancy bolts out of bed, determined to assert herself and clarify that yes, she likes him, but no, doesn't love him the way she supposedly lacks for Steve, only to find that Jonathan is outside her door.

Nancy wakes up the next morning knowing she has to tell Steve. It's going to suck, even more than this morning walk of shame out to Murray's breakfast table sucks, but it has to be done. The knowledge stews in her as Jonathan calls home and no one picks up, as she calls home and lies to her mom about the giggles and fun she just had on her sleepover with her girlfriend. She stresses over it right until the moment they're walking into the Byers house, and then she sees the walls plastered in weird drawings and who she did or didn't fuck means very little.

It's a full afternoon of tense driving around Hawkins, hoping against all logic that Mike and Will are in one of their usual spots, perfectly fine, before they end up at the locked gates of Hawkins Lab. Steve comes out of the woods with Dustin and Lucas and Max in tow, and none of them can figure out how to get in until -as they learn later- Bob saves the day. Suddenly Hooper and Ms Byers and Mike and Will are peeling out of the lot like a bat out of hell, and Nancy has no choice but to hop back in Jonathan's car and join the caravan travelling to the Byers' house.

In the middle of scrounging the house for cardboard, newspapers, and anything else that can help conceal the shitty woodshed from the Mind Flayer inside Will's head, Nancy brings it up. If this plan doesn't work they could all end up dying, ripped to shreds like Bob by the demodogs, as Dustin's insisted on naming them. Nancy refuses to die a liar.

"I did it. I fucked him."

"Oh. Oh shit," Steve says, moon eyes taking in her expression and believing her entirely. He doesn't ask who 'him' is, and they both know Steve doesn't need to. There's only one possible 'him'. "I didn't think- Oh fuck."

Nancy doesn't want to break up. Despite her drunken meltdown,

despite feeling something for Jonathan, Nancy categorically does not want to break up, and if Steve leaves the laundry room she just knows it'll be the end. He'll go out to the kids, help Max rip off lengths of duct tape or something and never look in her direction again. But she's frozen, doesn't know what to do. How can she fix this?

All of a sudden it comes to her. Nancy takes a step towards him and pitches her voice lower, like she's back in Girl Scouts, at a campfire. This technique might work. It's the only idea she's got, at least. It's still nothing she dare let anyone else in the house overhear.

"Imagine it, Steve. You're in a towel, wrapped up clean after a shower post game, and you think you're alone in the locker room so you lay back on the bench. A wood bench, just on this side of being too hard, and painful. But then Jonathan comes into the room." Oh God. She doesn't know why he'd possibly be in the change room, considering sports and jock-life are complete anathema to him. Will Steve comment on the lack of logic in this story? But Steve stays quiet so she continues.

"Jonathan pulls your towel untucked, then sits on the bench, jerking your dick without saying a word. But it's not enough. You want him to touch you there." Nancy takes steps until she's right in front of him, then curls her arms around him to grab his ass. "You want him inside you. Steve, oh God, you want to be *fucked* Steve."

"Nance-"

She's not taking no for an answer, not when she knows that tone. She's dated Steve for over a year. Nancy knows what different shades of reluctance mean, and her name plaintively said means 'I like this but it's bad', not 'what the fuck, stop'. Nancy's had it to goddamn here about self shaming.

"Speaking as someone who just got fucked by Jonathan Byers? You want to get fucked by Jonathan Byers. Okay? It's okay, it really is. I won't tell anyone, and it doesn't make you wrong or weird, or any of the bullshit your terrible ex-friends might have said. He's got a nice dick. He does. And so there you are, one of your legs over his lap, one braced on the tile floor, and he's jerking you with one hand, but

his other hand is grazing up your thigh.”

Nancy’s got her own hand on Steve, cupping his crotch through the layers of fabric. He doesn’t make to stop her, so she takes it up a notch. She unzips his jeans and pulls the elastic of his underwear enough to grasp his bare cock.

“Jonathan doesn’t stop until he’s touching your asshole, Steve. You know how determined he can get, when it’s something he cares about. Imagine him caring about fucking you.”

Nancy pumps her hands up and down his shaft, keeps weaving her filthy story. They don’t have time for anything else. Sure Joyce, and the Chief, and Jonathan, the people most likely to guess what’s happening behind a closed door, are all in the shed, but that doesn’t mean a kid won’t wonder where they are. She continues it all, pulling all the threads in the hopes that the marionette that is her relationship won’t collapse, all the way until Steve comes. For lack of a better option, Nancy swipes a balled up pair of socks from the laundry not yet put away, because who gives a fuck about laundry when your kid/younger brother has gone crazy. She wipes up Steve and her own hand, then tosses the pair back into the washing machine. Hopefully whoever does the next load will just toss everything in without examining the bottom of the machine.

“We need to talk about this,” Steve says. He looks completely sheepish, hand pushing through his hair unconsciously as soon as his jeans are back on his hips. Nancy can take sheepish. That is a malleable reaction. There are places to go, from sheepish.

“We do,” Nancy agrees.

“But we should probably try to save our asses from the Mind Slayer first.”

“Flayer.”

Steve doesn’t deign to answer that. Instead he grabs the few towels in the laundry basket and leaves the room, no doubt for the shed. Nancy considers, for a brief moment, closing the door again and cramming her hand down her own jeans, fiddling around until she comes too. It

would be easy. The mental image of Jonathan fucking Steve is so clear in her head, every last buck and writhe and moan. But she doesn't. It's the kind of filth she wants to savor. If they live through this, if the demodogs don't overcome Eleven's willpower, or they can't get their answers about how stop everything from their interrogation and the flayer turns everything to rot- if Nancy is still breathing in three hours, she's going to spend the entire day in her bed.